

## **my girl's made of peaches and soft grass and the moonlight**

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## **my girl's made of peaches and soft grass and the moonlight**

by [timelimez](#)

### Summary

**EDITED 6/11/22**

“George is like, Dream’s girlfriend or something,” Sapnap said, the rest of the Discord call erupting in laughter.

“You’re so stupid.” George huffed, leaning back in his chair with a pout that no one could see. He wasn’t streaming, but one of their friends was, meaning that the line would inevitably be clipped to hell and back.

The weirdest part, though, was that hearing the word *girlfriend* be used to refer to himself made George feel... something. He didn’t quite know yet. But it wasn’t a bad feeling, that was for sure.

“Aw, George, it’s okay. You can be my little girlfriend if you want.” Dream teased, before erupting in a wheezing laugh that was soon backed by the laughter of the rest of their friends.

“Whatever.” George laughed it off.

It was definitely not whatever.

## Notes

at long last. princess 2: girlfriend

or. gf gnf <3

i've been working on this fic for months and i am SO excited to share holy shit. i first got the idea for this fic ages ago, and i've been writing it for so long. this fic means a lot to me as a genderqueer person, and if there's one thing i want you take away from it, it's that you don't need to look a certain way or use a certain set of pronouns to be trans or genderqueer. you're you and your identity is valid no matter what!!

this fic was looked over/pre-beta'd (?) by the lovely [flame](#), please check them out bc they've been so incredibly helpful!

usual disclaimer: don't repost, don't share with ccs. if any ccs state that they are no longer comfortable with nsfw, this work will be taken down.

edit 6/11/22: i did a BIG overhaul of this work! edited pretty much every scene, as well as added a couple new scenes :) i hope you enjoy! all of the love on this fic has truly meant the world to me. love u all!

title from strawberry blonde by chloe moriondo

follow me on [twitter!](#)

enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“George is like, Dream’s girlfriend or something,” Sapnap said, the rest of the Discord call erupting in laughter.

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“Is everything okay?” Dream asked as he sat down on the edge of their bed, patting the space next

to him for George to join him.

“Yeah,” George sat down gratefully, taking one of Dream’s hands and fidgeting with it in his lap.

After spending all day since the incident earlier thinking about how it made him feel, he was pretty sure he had come to a conclusion. “It’s, um, it’s a sex thing actually? Kind of?”

Dream’s expression morphed into a smirk. “Oh, okay. Is it... about the princess thing?”

“No, it’s. It’s something Sapnap said earlier actually?” George squirmed a little, looking down in embarrassment.

Dream seemed completely lost.

“Um. About me being your... your *girlfriend*?” George clarified.

Dream raised his eyebrows, and George quickly backtracked.

“Like, um, I like being a man. It’s not about—it’s not, like, a gender thing, it’s just, uh... a kink, maybe? In bed, you already call me a lot of girly things, I guess? And, um. I don’t know, it’s kinda stupid.” George’s face felt ridiculously warm with embarrassment as he attempted to explain himself. The more words came from his mouth, the more ridiculous it sounded.

“It’s not stupid,” Dream assured him, squeezing George’s smaller hand in his own with an encouraging smile. “Whatever you’re into, I’m willing to give it a try. You never know, maybe I’m into it too.” *Damn this man and his openness.*

George managed a little smile before taking a deep breath. “Okay, um, I guess I just want... I want you to call me your girlfriend when you’re fucking me.” He ripped the bandaid right off.

Dream returned the smile, bigger this time, once again squeezing George’s hand. “I can definitely do that.”

George looked up at him, a sheepish smile spreading across his face as relief and excitement washed over him. “Really?”

“Of course, babe.” Dream leaned in and pressed a sweet kiss to George’s cheek. “You’re acting like it’s some outrageous request. If you wanna be my girlfriend when we’re fucking, I can call you that.”

Even just hearing the word fall from Dream’s mouth sent a spark of joy through George’s body. He beamed.

“You’re amazing.” George shifted easily to straddle Dream’s lap, wrapping his arms around his broad shoulders.

Dream’s own smile grew as he hugged George close. “I love you too, idiot.”

Maybe his happiness was a bit unwarranted, given that it was literally just a new kink he’d told his boyfriend about, but George was ecstatic, both proud of himself for communicating well with Dream, and excited at what possibilities something new in bed could bring. He couldn’t wait to try it out.

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After dinner, George had gone to take a shower, just to decompress after a long day of streaming (and kink discovery).

When he emerged from the bathroom, clad in one of Dream's old oversized t-shirts and some boxers, Dream was already settled into bed scrolling on his phone.

A wave of affection washed over him as he just stood in the doorway for a moment, admiring the pure domesticity of his boyfriend waiting in bed for him. It was a life he'd been wanting for years, one that he never could have seen himself living. And getting to live with Dream was—no pun intended—a dream come true.

“You wanna cuddle or what?” A fond voice snapped him out of his trance, and he couldn't help but smile, himself.

Wordlessly, George scurried into bed, crawling happily into Dream's lap and pressing his face into the crook of his neck, wrapped up in a blanket of pure joy.

“Hi, princess,” Dream murmured, the warm familiarity of his voice and the nickname sending a shiver up George's spine. The only word that his brain could supply was *home*.

“Hi.” He peeped, shifting to get more comfortable straddling his lap and wrapping his arms around Dream's middle.

“Was your shower good?” He asked.

“Mm, yeah. Would've been nicer if you were there too, though.” George pressed a wet kiss to the side of his throat before lifting his head, Dream's big hands settling on his waist.

“Oh yeah?” The taller man grinned, the dimples on his cheeks deepening. Adoration filled George's chest. Jesus, he was so attracted to this man.

“Yeah,” George breathed, wetting his lips as his gaze lowered to Dream's own lips. Without hesitation, Dream leaned forward to close the gap between them, gripping George's waist firmly as he nipped at his lower lip.

George let out a pleased hum, parting his lips and squirming happily as Dream licked possessively into his mouth. He couldn't even pretend like he wasn't buzzing to try out his new kink.

Being so caught up in the kiss, he barely even realized that he'd started lightly grinding down against Dream's hips.

“What are you doing there, babe?” Dream asked lowly, pulling back from the kiss and grabbing George's hips.

George hummed, a little embarrassed at being caught. ““Just... feels nice.””

His expression softened. “You're so cute.” A kiss on the forehead. “Do you want to try out the new thing you mentioned earlier? Is that what's got you so eager?”

George nodded sheepishly, blush creeping down his chest. “Yes, please.”

“I can definitely do that for you.” Dream smiled, wrapping his arms around George's waist and hugging him close. “What do you want to do tonight? Keep riding my thigh like a good girl?”

George shivered before nodding once more. While he'd always enjoyed being called a good boy, something about being called a good *girl* just felt different. Good different, he decided.

“Good. Go ahead then, baby.” Dream leaned back against the pillows, hands resting lazily on

George's waist.

George adjusted himself to straddle only one of Dream's thighs, bracing himself on a pair of broad shoulders before starting to rock his hips. Although it wasn't perfect, the stimulation still felt heavenly against his aching erection, and he couldn't hold back the shaky little moan that fell from his lips.

"Yeah? That feel good?" Dream asked, trailing a hand up to lace his fingers with George's, a warm reminder of his affection.

"Feels really good," George confirmed, gripping Dream's hand tightly as he sped up his pace a little.

"You're so cute, you know that? My cute little girlfriend."

George jolted with surprise, a warm feeling washing over his body from the inside out. He couldn't hold back the whimper that fell from his throat. He could only nod meekly, slumping forward to bury his face in the crook of Dream's neck.

He'd enjoyed pet names before, sure, but none of them—not even princess—had made him feel so happy.

*Holy shit.*

Dream tangled his fingers in George's still damp hair, turning his head to kiss George's temple.  
"You're adorable."

George mouthed at Dream's neck, sucking a pretty mark where he rested his face as he soaked in the praise.

Dream tilted his head back a little, groaning. "Jesus, you're gonna kill me."

George made a soft noise in response, rocking his hips a little faster. "Please..."

"Please what, princess? You gotta use your words. What do you want me to do?" Dream coaxed, giving George's hand a little squeeze as the smaller man pleasured himself.

"Please touch me," He whimpered, looking up at Dream with big, pleading eyes.

Dream gripped the hair on the back of his head a little tighter. "You're so cute, baby," He breathed.  
"Where do you want me to touch you, hm?"

George whined, burying his head in Dream's shoulder once more.

"C'mon, honey. You need to tell me what you want. I don't want to leave my girlfriend high and dry."

*Dream's girlfriend.*

His breath caught in his throat as he tried to let out a moan. "Oh my God, let me cum!" George gasped, voice wet with desperation.

"There's my good girl." A kiss was pressed to the top of his head before one of Dream's hands was snaking between them, wrapping around George's erection.

"Yes! Thank you, thank you!" He babbled, the knot in his stomach tightening.

“So polite,” Dream mumbled, gripping George’s hip and pulling him to grind against his thigh even harder. George squirmed.

“I’m good,” He agreed.

“My good girl.” Dream easily tugged George close again, pulling at the collar of his oversized t-shirt to gnaw at his collarbone.

George threw his head back, growing breathless as he rocked his hips. “Oh my God, yours, let me cum!”

Dream bit harshly at the hickey he’d just left before lifting his head, slipping his hands under his shirt. “Go on, princess. Cum for me, show me how good you feel.”

A few more desperate thrusts and George was cumming, making a mess inside of his boxers and crying out.

“Good girl, that’s my sweet girlfriend, so perfect,” Dream praised, helping guide him through it and gently petting his hair.

George slumped against Dream’s chest, breathless. He buried his face in his boyfriend’s neck.

“You okay, babe?”” He murmured, voice impossibly softer than it had been just moments before.

George nodded. “That was nice,” He mumbled, his limbs feeling heavy with sudden exhaustion.

“Good. I’m glad.” A pair of warm arms wrapped firmly around him. “Let me get you some clean underwear, okay?”

George nodded, hugging Dream’s shoulders tighter. “That was really nice,” He repeated breathlessly. “I liked it a lot.”

“Good. I did too.” A kiss was pressed to his temple and then he was being scooped up and carried to the bedroom, where his boxers were changed and he was graciously wiped down with a warm washcloth. No matter how many times they’d had sex, George still couldn’t express how much he appreciated Dream’s gentleness and patience when it came to aftercare.

Surprisingly (or maybe not), George slept better than he had in a while, absolutely giddy with how much he was enjoying his newfound kink.

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It wasn’t just a kink, though, George came to realize quite quickly.

The entire next day, the pet name was all he could think about.

The only issue? He wasn’t sure if he liked it just as a nickname. It felt too special, too *right* to be just a kink.

Naturally, George got to work.

The next day included a lot of Google searching, stupid online quizzes, and soul searching George wasn’t expecting to do on a Wednesday afternoon.

So did the next day. And the next, and the next, and the next. The more he read, the more he realized that it wasn’t just a little thing he was dealing with. And it scared the shit out of him.

He'd only ever viewed himself as a cis man: he'd never had any reason to think of himself as anything else. He was pretty sure of that.

Until he really thought about it.

Childhood photos of him in Disney princess dresses. Of his sister doing his makeup. Of him wearing his mom's shoes and jewelry. Things he'd chalked up to just being gay, but made more sense belonging to another identity issue.

It was eye opening. It was fucking *scary*.

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"Babe, hey, are you okay?" Dream's hand settled on George's shoulder.

"I thought you were asleep," George mumbled, quickly rubbing the tears from his eyes, though he made no move to turn over and face his boyfriend.

Dream shuffled a little. "I was, you woke me up," He said softly. "Did you have a bad dream? Or... can't sleep?" He inched closer before wrapping his arm firmly around George's waist.  
"What's bothering you?"

George let out a shuddering sigh, leaning back into the comforting touch. "Just can't sleep. I feel kind of frustrated, I guess." He said. It wasn't exactly a lie. Just not the full truth. He couldn't tell him yet, he wasn't ready. He barely even knew what was going on himself, how would he explain it to someone else? Someone else who, as far as he knew, had never experienced gender identity issues?

Dream made a little sympathetic noise. "I'm sorry. Do you want me to, like, make you some tea or something? Or I'll stay up with you, or..."

His heart swelled in his chest. How did he end up with someone so compassionate and caring?  
"No, you don't have to. Just... just stay here with me."

Dream hugged him tighter. "You don't have to tell me twice."

---

It turned out that not telling Dream was harder than he thought it would be. He felt almost guilty, like he was keeping some big secret from him. Which. Well. He *was*, but it wasn't like it was a secret that was *hurting* Dream.

Still, though, he wanted to tell him. To at least *try* to tell him. The weight of keeping it all to himself was starting to become unbearable.

"Hey, Dream?" George called, standing awkwardly in the kitchen, bare feet tapping nervously on the cool tile, heart racing in his chest. He felt nauseous with anxiety, his heart had dropped into his stomach and he half expected to throw it up at any given moment.

"What's up?" Dream responded from the living room, undoubtedly on his phone on the couch.

Taking a moment to gather himself, George took a deep breath and smoothed out his big t-shirt before padding into the room where Dream sat, not hesitating to settle in close to his boyfriend's side. Coming to terms with what he'd found was incredibly difficult, hell, even coming to terms with his sexuality had been hard. This was different, though, this was... life changing. Not that being gay wasn't, but this wasn't the same.

It was difficult, yes, but there wasn't a single person he trusted to confide in besides Dream, and he was anxious to finally talk to someone about how he was feeling.

"Everything okay?" He asked, wrapping a warm arm around George's shoulders, ever so sweet and caring.

"Yeah! Um, just, about the other night, like, last week..." He started, before his mouth dried up. He cleared his throat awkwardly.

Dream squeezed his shoulder lightly to prompt him.

"I really liked it. Uh. Really, *really* liked it. And I know I said it wasn't, like, a gender thing, but. Um." The words caught in his throat. Coming out as gay wasn't *this* hard, why was he struggling this much? His eyes stung.

"But it *is* a gender thing?" Dream asked softly, brushing a piece of hair off of George's forehead.

He nodded wordlessly.

"I guess I never even... considered it before? Like, um, I... I liked the princess thing, and I thought it was just a sex thing, but then the *girlfriend* thing..." Once again, he couldn't find any more words. He'd never considered himself to be the most eloquent, but usually he could get what he needed to get across without too much trouble. God, this was pathetic. He rubbed his eyes frustratedly, sniffling in an attempt to hold back his tears.

"I get it. Well, I mean, I don't *exactly* but." Dream gave him an encouraging smile. "Do you... want to go by she/her pronouns?"

George shook his head. "That's the thing. I *like* going by... by he and him. It feels right. I just feel like, I don't know... like..." Brows knitting together in frustration at his lack of words, he shook his head again and sucked in an uneven breath. "I don't know, is that—am I allowed to do that? Like... do I have to... I don't know..." He trailed off, disheartened.

"Well... I'm not an expert, but you don't have to have it all figured out. There doesn't need to be a word for it or anything." Dream leaned in to press a kiss to George's temple. "What can I do to make you feel more comfortable? Do you want to try a new name or something?"

George leaned into his side, a trickle of lavender relief soothing him. "Well, um. I still like he and him pronouns. Just, I want to be your girlfriend. Not your boyfriend. Is that... is that okay?"

Dream's smile grew as he hugged George close. "I can definitely do that. Of course it's okay."

George relaxed into the embrace thankfully, the nervous knot in his stomach finally loosening. "You're not, like, breaking up with me because of it...?"

"Course not. That would be stupid." Dream scoffed.

George beamed, pulling away from the hug to cup Dream's cheek as he gazed at him.

"I mean, you moved all the way from London to live with me. And we've been friends for years before we started dating, I'm not going to just leave you because you realized something about who you are." Dream smiled, his eyes crinkling in that fond way they always did when he smiled, and dipped his head down to steal a quick kiss. "In fact, I'm really happy you trust me enough to tell me about this kind of shit. I'm really proud of you."

A wave of refreshing relief washed over him. “Thank you.” George said genuinely, cheeks flushing. The pessimistic half of his brain had, for whatever reason, convinced him that this confession was going to make their relationship crash and burn. He couldn’t even begin to describe how relieved he was, like the weight of his discovery had been lifted.

“Thank you for telling me. I love you.” Dream smiled, that stupid fond one, leaning back in for one more kiss.

“I love you too.”

---

George hadn’t stopped smiling all day. His cheeks almost hurt a little from it, actually. Having the weight off of his chest of not only having to figure out what he wanted, but also telling his boyfriend about it, was beyond relieving.

He’d made googly eyes at Dream over dinner, and when he was finally done eating, he didn’t hesitate before practically dragging him to the bedroom.

Dream laughed fondly as George pushed him onto the bed, hands falling easily to his waist. “Someone’s excited.”

George laughed too, straddling Dream’s lap and peppering fond kisses all over his golden face. “M just happy.” He explained.

“You’re so fucking cute,” Dream grinned, hugging George close and planting a kiss on his forehead.

George leaned back, beaming. “I want to give you a reward. For being so sweet. Anything you want.” He told him, wetting his lips before leaning down to kiss along his boyfriend’s jaw.

“Babe, that’s not—I didn’t do anything to warrant a reward. Seriously, I don’t -“ Dream started.

“It’s not that deep, Dream,” George laughed, kissing the corner of his mouth and delighting in the blush that colored his boyfriend’s cheeks. “You deserve a little something extra, anyway.”

“Oh. Okay, well, in that case...”

Dream hummed, deep in thought, before pulling George in for a kiss.

George let out a little moan, pleasantly surprised, leaning into the kiss and holding Dream’s face.

They kissed until George ran out of breath, and seemingly Dream did too, because he leaned back and pulled his own shirt off, tossing it carelessly to the floor before diving back in for George’s lips.

George opened his mouth obediently, reaching down to palm Dream over his sweats without hesitation.

“Fuck, I want you to sit on my face. That can be my reward.” Dream groaned, gripping George’s waist under his t-shirt.

George flushed red. “Are you sure?” He asked. “I mean, I feel like that’s more, like, for my enjoyment?”

“Oh my God, *I want you to sit on my face*. I’ll enjoy it. I’m sure.” Dream slipped his hand down to cup George’s bulge over his briefs. “You’re already so wet for me, princess.”

George was so flustered it felt like his face was about to melt off. He was expecting Dream to ask for a blowjob or something, not this. “Well, um. Um. I, uh—I just don’t want to crush your nose or anything?”

“You won’t. I’ll tap if I need you to move.” Dream assured him, hoisting George off of his lap and laying back on the bed.

George watched him with big eyes, curious as he tugged his own t-shirt off before shimmying his sweats and briefs down his legs and stepping out of them.

“How do I, um...” He scrubbed at his cheeks awkwardly, feeling where crimson warmth spread across his face. Dream had used his mouth on him before, to put it politely, but George had never sat on him like this.

“Face the same direction that I am, and then just... sit.” Dream shrugged, offering a hand to George to bring him over.

George cautiously scooted over, face flushing impossibly more as he got into position and straddled Dream’s face. He felt incredibly exposed, bare thighs trembling.

“Go on, sweetheart. That’s a good girl.”

George’s heart leapt in his chest, the sensation of a hot breath against his hole doing nothing to ease his nerves.

Before Dream could make any more remarks that would send him into a frenzy, George lowered himself down, pressing his entrance right onto Dream’s waiting mouth.

He shifted a little, careful not to put his full weight back onto Dream as the other man started sucking on his rim. George gasped at the sensation. “Oh!”

A big, firm hand wrapped around George’s thigh, stroking it gently as if to encourage him. Swallowing, George pressed his hips back against Dream’s face a little more.

He shuddered as he felt Dream’s tongue circle his hole and then press inside, biting harshly on his own lip. “Shit, more of that,” He breathed out.

Dream obeyed, gripping his thigh as he pressed his tongue deeper into his hole. It wasn’t enough to touch his prostate, but it was wet and warm, and the friction was heavenly.

“Fuck, yes. Please.” George groaned, brain filling with pleasant fuzz and stardust as he reached down to stroke his own cock.

Dream forcefully pushed George up a little to swallow a few deep breaths before tugging him back down, grabbing two handfuls of pale flesh and sucking on his hole like a starving man.

George cried out at the sudden enthusiasm, the noise catching high in his throat. “Oh my God, that’s so good. More.” He begged, mercilessly grinding his hips down against Dream’s face.

He swore he could feel Dream’s lips stretch into a smile before a warm hand was sliding down between his cheeks and a warm finger was pressing inside of him, along with Dream’s tongue.

“Fuck! Dream, *please* ,” George sputtered, choking on his words. As good as the sensation was, he crawled off of Dream’s face, promptly turning around to mash his lips against his boyfriend’s. The taste of himself on Dream’s tongue made his head spin. It was filthy—way more arousing than it

should have been.

Dream chuckled this time, breathless and red. “That feel good, princess?” He asked, pulling George to lay on top of him and rocking their hips together.

“Yeah, just—fuck—want to hear your voice,” He panted, arching his back and stifling a whimper in Dream’s shoulder as a spit-slicked finger was once again pressed inside of his hole.

“My sweet girl. Can’t cum without hearing my voice, huh?” Dream rumbled, voice a little scratchy as he kissed George’s neck.

The pet name coming from Dream’s mouth had George dizzy in the best way imaginable. “‘M your girl,” He repeated, the words echoing in his brain and making their way down to his heart, somehow.

“You are,” Dream confirmed. “My perfect little girlfriend, aren’t you? My princess.” He cooed, skilled finger curling to brush against his prostate.

George jolted, burying his face in Dream’s neck and whining.

“Yeah, you like that, don’t you? Like being my good girl?” Another electric wave of pleasure shot up his spine as Dream massaged around his prostate with his finger.

“Oh my God! ‘M close, please,” George begged. He could barely even think straight, brain filled only with thoughts of being Dream’s girlfriend.

“You can cum, sweetheart. You’ve been so good, show me how good you feel.” Dream coaxed.

It only took a few rolls of his hips before George was cumming, making a mess all over Dream’s sweatpants as his prostate was stimulated mercilessly.

“Good girl. So good for me.” Dream purred, kissing George’s shoulder as he slowly pulled his finger out of him.

George lifted his head, pressing a breathless kiss to Dream’s cheek before rolling off of his chest to settle against his side.

“Your turn.” He smiled coyly, cheeks warm as he reached down to slip a delicate hand under the waistband of his boyfriend’s sweatpants.

Dream laughed, ruffing George’s hair as he shimmied his pants and boxers down to his thighs.

“Yeah? You think you can make it up to me?”

George pressed a chaste kiss to Dream’s jaw. “I can try.”

---

George had been locked in his office coding all day. He was still giddy from the previous couple of days, so he was trying to put the positive energy to good use and get some work done. Not much more research had been done on *what* exactly he was, but he didn’t feel the need to do that yet. It would undoubtedly just frustrate him, and he didn’t want that. Not when he was still riding the high of coming out to Dream.

“George?” Dream cracked open the door to George’s office, peeking his head in. “Can I come in?” A huge, dorky grin was plastered across his face.

George swiveled his chair to face Dream, tugging his headphones down to his neck. “Yeah, what is it?” He asked, assuming that his boyfriend was just going to ask him to load the dishwasher or change the cat litter.

Dream’s smile grew impossibly wider. “I got you a present.”

“A present? You didn’t have to do that.” George couldn’t help but smile as he set his headphones down on his desk and powered off his monitor, wanting to give Dream his full attention. He wasn’t quite sure what the occasion was, but he wasn’t going to argue. He folded his hands in his lap as he waited.

Suddenly looking a little sheepish, Dream shuffled his feet, clearly hiding something behind his back. “It’s okay if you don’t like it, or it’s not your style or whatever. I just thought, y’know, I wanted to get something for you—my girlfriend—and I saw this, and I thought it would be pretty on you, so, uh—“

“*Dream, what is it?*” George cut him off, ignoring the leap in his chest at Dream specifying his *title*, fondly amused by his rambling, and only more intrigued as to what the gift could be.

Dream fully stepped into George’s office, producing a blue gift bag from behind his back and setting it in George’s lap. “I can always return it if you don’t like it.” He said quickly.

George carefully removed the tissue paper from the bag before pulling out the contents. His hand made contact with someone silky. Intrigued, he pulled it out. Inside was a dress, forest green with tiny white flowers dotted across it. It had thin little straps to hold it up, and the material was light and flowy. Nothing too scary.

George couldn’t help the smile from breaking out across his face as he held the garment up in front of himself.

A *dress*.

Although he’d worn a skirt or two in the past, he’d never worn them in public, and he’d never actually worn a dress before. Nothing remotely this feminine just because he wanted to.

“What do you think?” Dream asked, wringing his hands together nervously.

Instead of responding, George set the dress down on his chair and sprang to his feet, reaching up on the tips of his toes to wrap his arms around Dream’s shoulders. He was touched.

He laughed, wrapping his arms around George’s waist and hugging him tight. “I’ll take that as a good thing?”

“I love it,” George confirmed, his heart and face feeling incredibly warm. “Thank you so much.”

Dream reached an arm down to hook under George’s thighs so he could scoop him up. “I wanted you to feel pretty so that we can go out on a date and I can show you off.” He explained, adjusting his hold as George wrapped his legs around Dream’s waist.

George’s chest felt tight, like it was overflowing with love and affection and he was about to explode at any given moment. When Dream had gifted him skirts and things in the past, they were usually given with the connotation of *this is for sex*. But not this.

How was Dream so thoughtful and generous and *everything anyone could ever want in a partner?*

“You won’t be embarrassed by it?” George asked. “By *me*? ”

Dream scoffed, like George had just said the most ridiculous thing in the world. “Of course not. I want everyone to see how perfect you are. And more importantly, I want you to feel good about yourself.”

*God.* George beamed, pressing a firm kiss to Dream’s lips. “I love you.”

“I love you too. How does a date tomorrow sound?”

“That sounds perfect.” George leaned up for one more kiss, just because he could.. “Thank you for... well, this, but also for being so, uh... understanding, I guess?”

Dream huffed. “You don’t need to thank me for that, babe. That’s just, like, base level respect. And I’m always going to respect you, no matter what.”

“Thank you.” George repeated.

“You’re welcome,” Dream chuckled fondly, sliding a hand up to pat George’s back. “Now c’mon, date tomorrow. Let’s eat and get to bed.”

---

Maybe George was a little too eager to wait until the next day.

After dinner, once the couple had rolled into bed together, Dream had pulled George to his chest, spooning him and kissing the top of his head, seemingly ready to fall asleep.

George wiggled his hips a little, lacing his fingers with Dream’s hand that was settled on his waist. “Dream,” He murmured.

Dream squeezed his hand, humming a little in response.

“Are you super tired?”

Dream shifted a little behind him, kissing the back of George’s head. “Not really. What’s up?”

“I’m horny.” He said bluntly, giggling.

Dream laughed in George’s ear, causing him to cringe and lean away. “You want me to do something about that?”

George huffed. “Yeah. I wouldn’t have asked if I didn’t want you to, idiot.”

“Got any other life-changing identity secrets you wanna tell me? Seems like admitting stuff to me makes you horny.” He teased, squeezing his waist and causing George to squirm.

“Oh my God, you’re so stupid.” George groaned, shoving an elbow into Dream’s ribs, who pushed the arm away but laughed nonetheless.

“Sorry, sorry,” He chuckled, not sounding apologetic in the slightest. “What did you want?”

George rolled his eyes, grinding his ass back against Dream’s crotch. “I dunno, do something.”

“If you’re gonna act like a brat then I’m gonna treat you like one.” Dream warned, letting go of George’s hand to grip one of his hips, rucking up his big t-shirt to expose more of his pale skin.

George bit his lip as he smiled. *That was exactly what he wanted* .

“What are you gonna do, huh?” He wiggled a little more, trying to get Dream worked up.

“I might have to punish you. Maybe I won’t let you cum tonight, who knows?”

George pouted. “But Dream,”

“Uh-uh, what do you call me?” The hand on his hip squeezed harder. Dream was hornier than usual tonight too, it seemed.

“Sorry, Daddy,” He peeped, though his smile grew, stilling under his boyfriend’s grasp.

“Good girl,” Dream praised, easily pulling George’s boxers down to his knees. “Get these off.” He ordered.

George nodded quickly, scrambling to kick them off and toss them to the floor before pressing himself right back against Dream’s chest.

“Good. You want me to fuck you like this, princess? Put you back in your place to keep you from mouthing off?”

Jesus. When did Dream become a sex monster? Not that he was complaining, or anything. Not at all.

George whined softly, the noise barely audible. “I wanna be able to walk on our date tomorrow, though.”

Dream hummed, considering. “How about I fuck your thighs then, huh? You’d probably get off from that too.”

George shuddered. “Please,”

“You gonna let me mark you up, baby? Gonna let me show you off tomorrow and let everyone know how needy my girlfriend is?” Dream gripped George’s hip again, grinding his own clothed erection against the softness of his bare ass.

George whimpered, turning his head to bury his face in a pillow. “M not *that* needy,” He mumbled.

Dream laughed, fucking *laughed* , leaning down to whisper right in George’s ear. “Oh, yes you are.”

He shuddered. Fuck.

“Squirming and whining like this, getting into bed and begging me to jerk you off.

George felt tears pricking at his eyes as he rocked his hips back against Dream. “Daddy,” He whimpered.

“What is it, princess, huh? You want me to fuck your pretty little thighs?”

George could only nod, sniffling and reaching up to wipe the tears away from his eyes.

Dream groaned, shuffling to push his own sweatpants and boxers down far enough to free his cock. “So pretty for me, baby. I knew you’d behave eventually. Get the lube for me.”

George bit his lip, his whole body shivering as Dream gave himself a few lazy strokes. He leaned over to the nightstand, grabbing the well-used bottle before handing it back to Dream.

“Open your legs, baby. Don’t be shy.” Dream cooed, squeezing some lube into his palm.

George did as he was asked, lifting up his top leg a little to create a space for Dream to lube up. He jolted as lube was smeared lazily on the inside of his thighs, gripping the sheets in front of him to keep himself from reaching down to touch himself.

“Good girl. You can set your leg down.” The lube was tossed aside lazily to be dealt with later as Dream slicked up his own cock.

George let his legs rest together again, waiting eagerly for Dream to begin.

He gasped softly as he felt the head of his boyfriend’s cock press between his thighs, trembling with anticipation.

“Fuck, that’s good baby,” Dream moaned as he slid in. “Nice and tight for me.”

George groaned as he felt Dream’s cock slide up against his balls, the sensation catching him off guard.

“I knew you would like this,” Dream breathed, holding George’s hip firmly as he started rocking his hips. “Do you feel good?” He asked after a moment, voice softer as he stilled his movements.

George nodded meekly. “I like it,” He whispered, voice cracking as he covered his face with his hands. “Please don’t stop.”

Dream squeezed his hip before starting back up again. “God, you’re so fucking tight. I can’t wait to fuck your pussy, baby.”

George gasped, completely caught off guard, his own cock twitching against his stomach. “Oh my God,” He moaned.

“Oh, you like that, huh?” Dream chuckled breathlessly. “You want me to fuck your little pussy nice and hard?”

George nodded vigorously, whining as Dream reached a hand down to stroke his cock.

“Your little clit is all wet for me, princess, *fuck*. You’re perfect.” He groaned, swiping his thumb across the dripping head.

George squeezed his thighs together, moaning loudly, desperately clutching Dream’s fist. “I need to cum, Daddy!” He cried.

“You can’t cum until I do, baby.” Dream warned, speeding up the pace of his thrusts.

George sobbed in frustration. “Please, *please*, I need to cum now!”

Dream leaned his head down to suck a harsh mark into George’s shoulder, rocking his hips even harder and leaving red bruises on the backs of George’s thighs. “Fuck, I’m close too. Gonna leave a mess all over you.”

“Please!” He wailed.

Dream let out a moan as he finally came, pulling his hips back to cum on George’s thighs.

George was only a moment behind him, arching his back and crying as he finally came all over Dream's fist.

His mind went blank for a few moments as he went limp in Dream's arms, tears dripping down his cheeks onto the pillow. "Dream," He managed to get out, voice incredibly quiet.

"I know, princess. Let me clean you up, okay?" Dream murmured, letting his voice be a little higher and softer than he'd normally allow, just wanting to comfort George.

"Mkay," George agreed, closing his eyes and relaxing as Dream got up to get a washcloth.

He kept his eyes closed as Dream wiped him down gently, letting his boyfriend manhandle him however he needed.

After a few minutes, Dream finally crawled back into bed, wrapping his arms around George's waist and leaving kisses everywhere he could reach. "How was that?"

"Really good. 'M tired, Dream," He mumbled.

"Okay, let's sleep, babe. We've got a date tomorrow, remember?"

George smiled sleepily, settling his hands over Dream's. "'M excited."

"Me too. Sweet dreams, baby."

---

Fussing over his reflection for the third time that day, George huffed. The dress Dream had bought him fit perfectly; not too tight or uncomfortable. He couldn't help but admire himself in the mirror. In all honesty, he was pretty sure this was the best he'd ever looked in his life.

If only he could muster up the courage to leave the house.

"Are you ready to go, babe?"

George chewed on the inside of his cheek, eyebrows knitting together as he smoothed the flowy fabric down on his sides. "Just a minute." He called.

Mascara and lipgloss had already been applied with extra care, coffee brown hair brushed and tucked back with a baby pink clip. Objectively, he looked pretty, and he knew Dream would think the same. After all, his boyfriend had seen him in more feminine getup plenty of times. The public, however, had not.

It wasn't like they were going on a big extravagant date, either. Grabbing a coffee and sitting at the park wasn't exactly something George would normally find scary, but his heart was hammering in his chest as if he was in line for a deadly roller coaster.

He hadn't even noticed Dream step into the bathroom until a pair of warm arms wrapped around him from behind.

"You look amazing." He breathed, pressing a reverent kiss to the side of George's neck.

George smiled sheepishly, making eye contact with his boyfriend in the mirror. "You think so?"

"Oh, absolutely. I'm excited to show you off." Dream grinned, resting his chin on George's shoulder.

George's smile widened. "We're not, like, going anywhere super crowded or anything, I mean..."

Dream huffed. "We're still going out into the public, which is more than we've done in a while. Now c'mon, you look great, let's go." He insisted, taking George's hand to drag him out.

One more look over at himself in the mirror, and they were out the door.

---

There was a little coffee shop a few blocks away, but they decided to drive anyway, just in case something happened or George got uncomfortable and wanted to leave quickly. He didn't think that would happen, but he was thankful for Dream's consideration, anyway.

It wasn't too crowded, from the looks of it, which George was infinitely grateful for. It wasn't that he was embarrassed, exactly, but he was nervous. What if people stared at him or gave him weird looks? Hell, even worse, what if he was recognized by a fan? How would he explain himself then?

Before he could psych himself out completely, Dream was opening the car door and offering George a hand.

Well. What was the worst that could happen?

A little bell above the door rang as they entered the coffee shop, Dream graciously holding the door open for George with a smile.

"You know what you want?" Dream asked, letting the door shut behind him as he stood next to George, eyeing the menu.

George shrugged, looking down and smoothing his dress out. "Whatever you're having." He said simply. If he looked around at any other people for any longer than necessary, he was going to want to leave. Undoubtedly.

Dream took his hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze, glancing around at the other patrons. "Feeling okay?" He asked, lowering his voice.

George smiled sheepishly, looking up at his boyfriend. "Yeah. Go order the coffee, idiot."

Dream grinned, dragging George over to the front counter.

The barista looked George up and down. A wave of red hot shame washed over him, his face burning as he ducked his head. *Fuck*. She probably thought he was a freak. Maybe it was a bad idea after all to go out in public like this.

"What can I get for you guys?"

"I'll have an iced chai latte. And my girlfriend will have the same thing." Dream said simply, nudging George a little with his elbow.

A wave of warmth washed over George. *Holy shit.*

Being embarrassed and worried about people looking at him in public was all worth it, just for Dream to validate him like that. What the stupid barista thought about him didn't even matter anymore.

"Can I get a name?"

"Oh, uh, his name is George." Dream smiled.

A smile spread across his face—he couldn’t help it—as Dream paid and thanked the barista. He was pretty sure, somehow, that he hadn’t felt this good about himself in years. In his entire life, even. Fuck the barista and however she was judging him. He didn’t care.

As they stepped aside to wait for their drinks, Dream turned his head and shot George a big, cheesy grin.

If he hadn’t felt happy before, that smile was the final nail in the coffin. It wasn’t just George that felt good and happy, *Dream was happy for him too*. Dream wasn’t ashamed of him, wasn’t ashamed of his confusing new identity. Dream was *proud* of him.

“Iced lattes for George?”

George wasn’t really paying attention as Dream let go of his hand to go grab their drinks, still too happy to be worrying about anything. He was anticipating riding this high for a long, long time.

As they walked outside, Dream sipped his latte and looked down at George. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?” He asked.

“No, it was—it was good.” He smiled, easily finding Dream’s hand again and lacing their fingers together. “Thank you.” He wished that there were more words to express gratitude, but those would have to do.

“For the coffee? You’re welcome.” Dream said smugly.

“No, for… y’know.” George elbowed him, face feeling warm.

“I know,” He said, voice growing softer. “I love you.”

“You’re stupid.” George grumbled, but he squeezed Dream’s hand anyway.

It was only a minute or two before they found a bench to sit on, George carefully smoothing out his dress before taking a seat.

He turned to Dream, about to ask about a new program he’d just started coding, when he noticed some extra writing on his cup.

“What’s that?” George asked, gesturing to Dream’s cup and knitting his eyebrows together.

Dream blinked, turning the cup and moving his hand.

*George*

*Cute dress for a cute girl ;)*

555-0962

George couldn’t help but laugh. “Oh my God. Is that—no way,”

Dream just rolled his eyes, though a little smile was creeping its way onto his face.

“I think this one was for me!” George giggled, shoving his own drink into Dream’s hand and taking the one with the writing.

Dream crossed his arms. “I can’t believe this.”

“What, are you jealous?” George teased, sipping his coffee.

“Maybe.” Dream rolled his eyes, slouching down on the bench. *Cute*.

“Oh my God. No way. No way you’re *actually* jealous.” George couldn’t help but laugh. “It’s okay, Dream. I’m not going to be texting anyone besides you.”

“I know,” Dream mumbled, scrunching up his face as he took a long drink. “You’re *my* girlfriend though, I literally said that.”

George giggled, taking Dream’s hand and kissing the back of it. “*I am*, so there’s no need for you to be jealous of anyone. Come on.”

Dream sighed, unable to stop a more genuine smile from creeping onto his face. “Okay, okay.”

---

By the time they arrived home, Dream was still clearly ticked off by the unexpected flirting. If he was being honest, George found it kind of hot. He liked teasing Dream, it was fun to see how reactive he got.

As soon as they tossed out their now empty cups, Dream promptly scooped George up and carried him into their bedroom, before unceremoniously dumping him in the middle of their bed.

George yelped in surprise, barely able to compose himself before Dream was suddenly on top of him, pressing sloppy kisses along his neck.

“Can’t believe she had the balls to flirt with you,” He mumbled under his breath, dragging rough hands up George’s sides and hiking up his dress.

George’s breath hitched as he squirmed.

“You’re *mine*.” Dream hissed, punctuating the remark with a harsh bite to George’s collar bone.

He gasped in surprise and pleasure, hands flying to clutch Dream’s shoulders. “Take my - take my dress off, please, I don’t want to get it dirty,” He breathed out.

Dream only hummed, sitting back on his heels to let George wiggle free of his grasp. Once the dress had been taken off and folded neatly on the back of the armchair in their bedroom, he was left only in simple white panties.

“Fuck, you didn’t even wear shorts underneath? You’re going to fucking kill me.” Dream breathed out, removing his own shirt and tossing it carelessly to the ground. “C’mere.”

Blushing fiercely, George obediently crawled back onto the bed, settling himself in Dream’s lap, waiting for instructions to follow.

“Good girl. My perfect girlfriend.” Dream cooed, big hands settling easily on George’s waist as he pressed a sweet kiss to his neck.

George merely nodded, shivering as he leaned further into Dream’s warmth.

“You’re always so good for me, baby, God. You gonna let me fuck you?” He asked, hugging George close as he let a hand trail down to cup his ass.

George nodded again, much more enthusiastically this time, excitement filling him at the idea.  
“Yes please, Dream,”

“That’s not what you call me.”

He bit the inside of his cheek, ducking his head with embarrassment. “‘M sorry, Daddy...?” He tried again.

“There’s my good girl,” Dream praised. “Get on all fours and take these off.” He ordered, snapping the waistband of George’s panties, causing him to jump.

Wordlessly, he obeyed, scrambling to pull his panties down and get himself situated.

Dream stayed back for a moment, taking his pants and boxers off, if George was correct in assuming based on the sound of fabric rustling.

“Such a good girl. You’re already all wet for me, sweetheart.” He crooned, warm body crowding up against George from behind as a big hand slid down his hip to wrap around his cock.

George jolted, letting out a pathetic whine as he jerked his hips forward.

“Cute,” Dream chuckled, leaning back to dig through the nightstand for the bottle of lube.

“You’re - you’re embarrassing me,” George whimpered, dropping down into his elbows to hide his face in a pillow.

Dream fully laughed this time, earning a muffled whimper in response. “You’re adorable.” He said, uncapping the lube before squirting a generous amount onto his fingers. “Ready, baby?”

George tried to wiggle his hips back as he felt something wet and warm prodding at his hole. “Yes, please,” He mumbled.

Leaning down to press a tender kiss to the small of George’s back, Dream slowly pressed a finger inside of him. George squirmed, trying to adjust to the feeling.

“Okay?” Dream asked softly, letting his free hand rest comfortingly on George’s hip.

George let a hand rest over Dream’s, shifting around a bit to get more comfortable. “Yeah,” He breathed. “Keep going.”

Dream hummed in response, starting to slowly pump his finger. “Fuck, you have the tightest little cunt, baby.”

George shuddered, unable to hold back a moan at the dirty words. “Oh my God,” He whined.

“You like that? Like me fingering your pussy?” Dream pressed a second finger into his hole.

George nodded, burying his face even further in the pillow.

“You’re so cute, princess. And you’re all mine.”

George couldn’t have agreed more.

Dream curled his fingers as he started pumping them again, expertly rubbing against George’s prostate.

He cried out, legs spasming and threatening to give out. “Daddy! Please!”

Dream only gripped George’s hip harder before pressing a third finger in. George hissed at the

slight burn, but pushed his hips back into it anyway.

“Fuck, be you need to be patient, baby. I need to make sure you’re prepped enough.”

George let out a pathetic cry, spreading his legs a little farther to try and egg Dream on.

Dream changed his movements though, scissoring his fingers and purposefully avoiding George’s prostate. When George whined in frustration, he chuckled.

“Don’t want you to cum too early, do we?”

George only whimpered, squeezing his eyes shut. “Please touch me,” He whispered, turning to rest his head on its side instead of hiding his face.

“I am touching you, baby.”

“No, I mean my - my cock,”

”Your *cock*?” Dream seemed to consider this for a moment. “Oh, you mean your *clit*, baby?”

George’s breath caught in his throat. He nodded, unable to find words for how unbelievably fucking aroused he was.

“Well, I don’t want you to cum until I do, so you’re going to have to wait.” Dream told him simply, pulling his fingers out of him after another thrust.

George moaned in frustration, burying his face in his pillow once again.

*Sex monster.* He both loved and hated it.

Dream didn’t waste any time lubing up his cock, leaning back and appreciating the view of George completely spread out for him.

“Fuck, your cunt is so wet, princess. So pink and pretty.” He praised, wiping the excess lube onto his thigh before pressing up behind George, guiding the thick head of his cock to his waiting hole.

“Please, need your cock so bad,” George whimpered, on the verge of tears.

“God, you’re so needy. Can’t go a day without wanting something in that tight little pussy of yours, can you?” Dream groaned, gripping George’s waist firmly as he began to push in.

George cried out, tears soaking the pillow beneath his face as he clenched his fists in the sheets.  
“Fuck!”

Dream moaned above him. “Fuck, you’re so fucking tight, Jesus. Perfect little cunt just made to take cock.”

George whined, his hips rutting back as Dream finally bottomed out, his hips flush with George’s ass. He felt so full, so *complete*. It was heavenly.

“Color?” Dream asked breathlessly, leaning down to press a breathless kiss to George’s shoulder, a big hand rubbing gently up and down his side.

“Green, please just fuck me,” George cried into the pillow.

Dream obeyed, starting up a moderate pace of thrusting his hips, impaling George on his thick

cock.

George pushed himself back up onto his hands, arching his back and letting himself moan freely. “Fuck, so big, so big! Feels so good, fuck!” He sobbed.

“You’re *tiny*, baby. My tiny little girlfriend, so fucking pretty, so good for me,” Dream praised, readjusting his grip on George’s waist as he sped up his thrusts.

“Please, touch my - please touch my clit, Dream, please,” George begged, slim thighs trembling with the effort of keeping himself up, completely forgetting the name he was supposed to be calling his boyfriend.

Fortunately, though, Dream didn’t seem to care.

“You’re fucking filthy, George, so fucking dirty,” Dream said through gritted teeth, reaching underneath his hips to fist George’s neglected cock. “Begging for me to fuck your slutty little cunt.”

George nearly collapsed as he finally got the simulation he needed.

“Whose pussy is this, huh? Tell me.” Dream growled.

“Yours! All yours, only yours!” George moaned. “Cumming! Please, I’m cumming, need to cum!” He babbled, unable to wait for a response before he was making a mess all over the sheets below him, clenching around Dream’s cock.

“Fuck, look at you. Made such a mess for me baby, God.” Dream didn’t ease up his pace, only moving his hand to splay over George’s stomach as he continued to fuck him.

“You’re so fucking small, baby, you can barely even take my cock. Such a good girl for me, fuck, gonna let me cum in you?”

George wailed, toeing the line of pain and pleasure as he was overstimulated. “Please cum in me,” He cried, weakly trying to rock his hips back in time with Dream’s thrusts.

“Fuck, okay princess. Gonna fill you up so fucking good.” Dream grunted, doubling down and thrusting his hips so hard that George’s ass would surely bruise.

Finally, *finally*, Dream came, fingernails digging into George’s waist as he filled him up.

George was breathless, his mind going blissfully fuzzy as Dream pulled out. He closed his eyes, trying to let himself relax and recollect himself for a moment as he shakily laid down on his stomach, not caring about the mess.

“... okay? George? Are you okay, honey?” Dream asked softly, rubbing George’s back soothingly.

“Hm? Yeah, yeah, just spaced out,” George breathed out, opening his eyes to look up at Dream.

“Okay, that’s okay. How does a bath sound, hm? We’ll get you nice and cleaned up and ready for bed.” Dream suggested, helping George roll over onto his back and sit up. He kept an arm wrapped around his waist, kissing the top of his head.

“Mm, I like baths,” George agreed, lifting his head to press a lazy kiss to Dream’s neck.

“Alright, let’s go get that running then, huh?” Dream smiled softly, scooping George up in his arms and carrying him to the bathroom.

George fell asleep quickly after they'd both crawled into bed later, content and a little sore, but happier both in his relationship and with himself than he'd been in ages.

---

In the following days, as George researched more about his identity, he learned a couple of things. Labels were never really that important to him, he never put a label on his sexuality, but once he came across a particular word, something clicked.

**Me**

genderqueer

**dream<3**

?

**Me**

thats what i am  
i think

**dream<3**

ohh  
cool  
I like it :)  
suits you

**Me**

ok

**dream<3**

I'm literally in the living room

**Me**

yeah ik  
can we order pizza

**dream<3**

yeah sure  
love you <3

**Me**

whatever  
<3

## End Notes

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<3

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